

10¢ NO.5 STRANGEST TALES EVER HEARD DECEMBER 1951

AMAZING
TALES

MYSTERIOUS ADVENTURES

INCREDIBLE! THOSE
HEADS ARE TALKING--
SAVE ME DAVE!!

IT CAN'T BE! I
MUST STOP THAT
THING!!

WE ARE NOT
DEAD, WE ARE
ALIVE...NO ONE
BELIEVES US!!

TALES OF
HORROR

CURSE OF
THE JUNGLE





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Dances

Samba

Waltz

Rhumba

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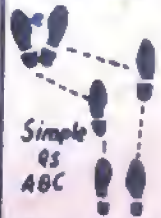


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GHOULS FEAST AT MIDNIGHT

MY FATHER CAME THIS WAY... BUT WHERE DID HE GO... WHAT CAN HE BE DOING? CAN THE STORIES BE TRUE?

BY LEAPING, CRIMSON TORCHLIGHT A BLOODY COMEDY OF ERRORS IS PLAYED OUT TO A GHASTLY FINAL CURTAIN. THEN, MERCIFULLY, THE VEIL OF A BLACK NIGHT FALLS OVER THE...

GHOULS FEAST AT MIDNIGHT

FOR CENTURIES THE VILLAGERS OF BLACKTOR, HIGH IN THE HARTZBURG MOUNTAINS, HAVE WHISPERED FEARFULLY OF STRANGE EVIL OCCURRENCES IN THEIR VILLAGE CEMETERY.

WHO IS THERE?
STOP! POLICE!
IT'S THE GHOUL!

HE WAS BURIED
YESTERDAY
AFTERNOON...

GHASTLY!
IT'S THE
GHOUL'S
WORK,
ALLRIGHT!

WE MUST
KEEP
THIS
QUIET...
THERE IS
TOO MUCH
TALK ALREADY!

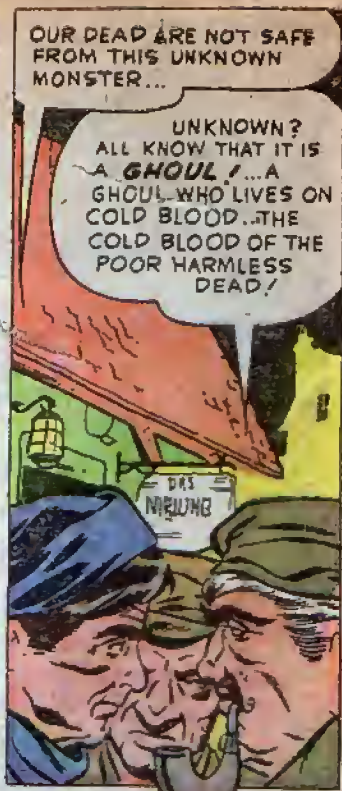


I HEARD IT FROM THE WATCHMAN, MYSELF...

ANOTHER GRAVE DESECRATED... THE THIRD THIS YEAR!



BUT BLACK-TOR WAS A SMALL VILLAGE AND IN SMALL VILLAGES THERE ARE NO SECRETS. THE NEXT MORNING...



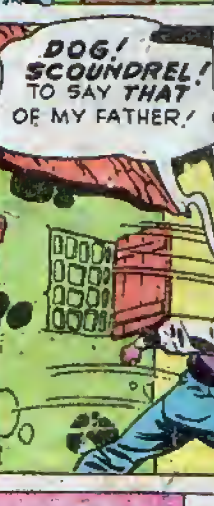
OUR DEAD ARE NOT SAFE FROM THIS UNKNOWN MONSTER...

UNKNOWN? ALL KNOW THAT IT IS A **GHOUL!**... A GHOUL WHO LIVES ON COLD BLOOD... THE COLD BLOOD OF THE POOR HARMLESS DEAD!



I'VE HEARD TELL THAT OLD CHRIS THERE IS THE GHOUL WHO DRINKS THE BLOOD OF OUR BELOVED DEAD!

WHAT? CHRIS GROT?? AND YET... HE IS A STRANGE ONE!



DOG! SCOUNDREL! TO SAY THAT OF MY FATHER!



NO... OTTO... NO!

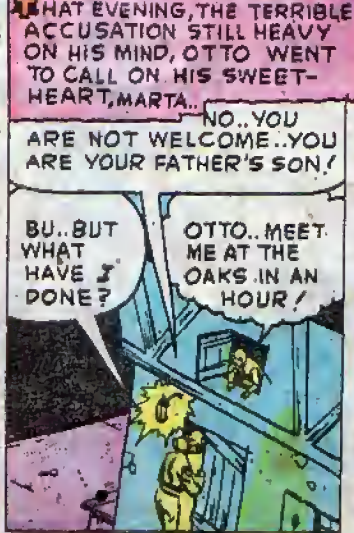
UUMPH!



LET ME GO! HE SAID THAT YOU WERE THE **GHOUL**, FATHER!

STOP, SON! THIS IS NOT THE WAY... COME WITH ME!

THE AUTHORITIES WILL HEAR OF THIS!



THAT EVENING, THE TERRIBLE ACCUSATION STILL HEAVY ON HIS MIND, OTTO WENT TO CALL ON HIS SWEET-HEART, MARTA...

NO... YOU ARE NOT WELCOME... YOU ARE YOUR FATHER'S SON!

BU... BUT WHAT HAVE I DONE?

OTTO... MEET ME AT THE OAKS IN AN HOUR!



I GOT HERE AS SOON AS I COULD OTTO!

THEY'LL PAY FOR THIS, MARTA! BECAUSE MY FATHER IS OLD AND POOR THEY SAY HE IS THE **GHOUL!**



THEY'RE AFRAID...
THEY HAVE TO
BLAME SOMEONE!

BUT WHY
MY FATHER...
WHY?

OTTO GROAT AND MARTA MEET IN
SECRET...



THE POLICE
ARE POWERLESS!

WE
MUST
BE OUR
OWN
POLICE!

WE'LL CATCH
OUR OWN
GHOUL!



I SAY CHRIS
GROAT IS
OUR MAN!

WE HAVE
NO PROOF..
JUST
RUMOR!!

WE'LL
GET
PROOF
THEN!

DEATH
TO
THE
GHOUL!

A
ND SO WAS FORMED THE
BLACKTOR VIGILANTE
COMMITTEE...DEDICATED TO
SEEKING OUT AND DESTROY-
ING THE GHOUL! EARLY THE
NEXT MORNING

A COMMITTEE
WAS FORMED
LAST NIGHT...
I'LL JOIN
TODAY!

SON,
TAKE CARE!
WE GROATS
HAVE A BAD
NAME IN
BLACKTOR!



SO... YOU REFUSE ME! YOU
ARE AFRAID
OF ME!

NO, OTTO
BUT THERE HAVE
BEEN RUMORS ABOUT
YOUR FATHER!

THERE
HAVE
ALWAYS BEEN RUMORS
ABOUT THE GROATS...
AND... YOU ARE
A GROAT!!



STRUGGLING TO HIDE TEARS
OF ANGER AND FRUSTRATION
OTTO TURNED AND STRODE
FROM THE SQUARE...

JUST WAIT MY LADDIE BUCK
UNTIL WE CATCH YOUR
FATHER IN THE CEMETERY
COMING FROM AN OPEN
COFFIN, STILL
SMACKING
HIS LIPS,
AND...WE
START
WATCHING
TONIGHT!

WHEN I
MARRY MY
LOVELY MARTA
WE WILL
LEAVE THIS
HATEFUL TOWN
FOREVER!!



THE WEEKS PASSED AND THE GHOUL HUNTERS HID EACH NIGHT IN THE CEMETERY...

BAH... 'TIS USELESS. MY RHEUMATISM...

AT LEAST NO GRAVES HAVE BEEN OPENED, WHILE WE WATCH HERE.

TRUE... BUT THERE HAVE BEEN NO BURIALS!



ONE DAY AN ENRAGED BULL ATTACKED MARTA AND OTTO...

OTTO! YOU'VE COME... MY DARLING, I'VE MISSED YOU SO! I'VE...

MARTA... LOOK OUT! COME FOLLOW ME!



BUT MARTA DID NOT GET AWAY...

MARTA (GASP.) MY MARTA... DEAD... OH, LET ME DIE TOO!



I TOO FEAR THE GROATS, BUT IT WAS NOT THE BOY'S FAULT!!

ARE YOU CERTAIN?

THE GROATS WEAR TERROR AND TROUBLE LIKE A CLOAK!

MY POOR MARTA / SO YOUNG / SO DEAR!

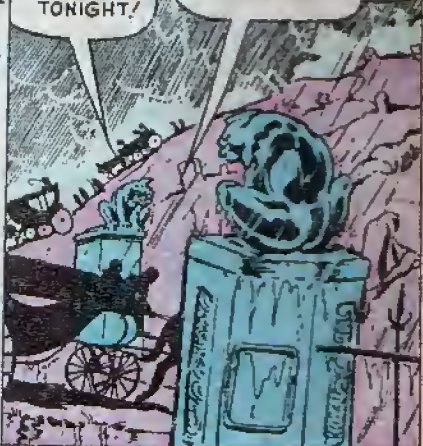


THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON A SORROWFUL PROCESSION SLOWLY MADE ITS WAY TO THE VILLAGE CEMETERY... TO BURY MARTA.



THE GHOUL WILL SURELY STRIKE TONIGHT!

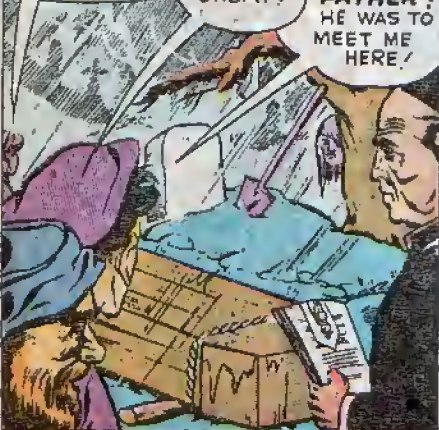
BUT... TONIGHT WE WILL DOUBLE THE GUARD!



A FACE... I SAW A BOOGY MAN'S FACE OVER THERE!

GROAT! WHERE IS OLD MAN GROAT?

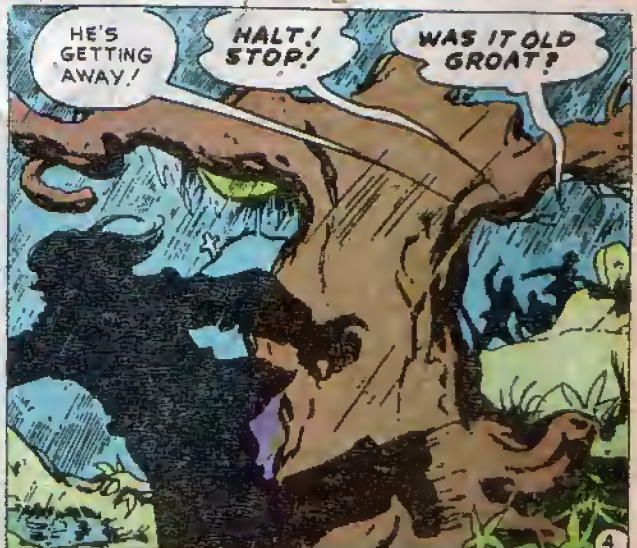
THAT'S RIGHT, WHERE IS FATHER? HE WAS TO MEET ME HERE!



HE'S GETTING AWAY!

HALT! STOP!

WAS IT OLD GROAT?





SLIPPED AWAY... CLEAN AS A WHISTLE!

DID ANYONE GET A GOOD LOOK!

DID YOU SEE WHO IT WAS, OTTO?

NO...NO, I DIDN'T!

FOLLOWING THE CONCLUSION OF THE INTERRUPTED FUNERAL YOUNG OTTO WALKED ON AND ON INTO THE GATHERING DUSK. HIS MIND A BLANK SAVE FOR ONE TERRIBLE, SEARING QUESTION...WAS HIS FATHER, IN ACTUALITY, THE GHOUL??



WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN, IT'S AFTER SIX

OTTO?

FATHER, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?

I DECIDED TO REMAIN HOME. I COULDN'T GO... YOU KNOW HOW THE NEIGHBORS TALK. I COULDN'T STAND YOUR SORROW AND THEIR WHISPERS!

YES...YES... I KNOW!

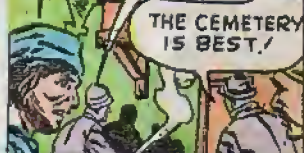


AFTER A HASTY MEAL OTTO WENT OUT TO THE BARN YARD AND HIS EVENING CHORES. MEANWHILE, IN THE VILLAGE.....

THE GHOUL HAS NOT FED RECENTLY... NOR WILL IT TONIGHT!

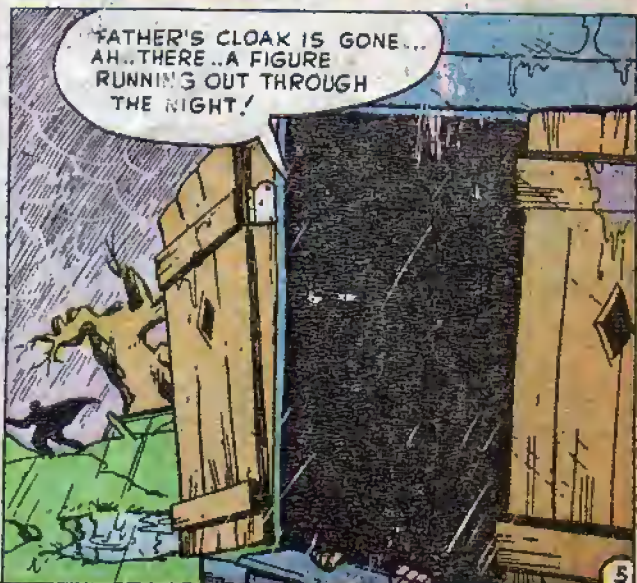
I STILL THINK WE OUGHT TO WATCH THE GROATS AS WELL!

THE CEMETERY IS BEST!



THE COWS MILKED, FOODER THROWN DOWN TO THE OXEN, OTTO RETURNED TO THE GLOOMY HOUSE...

FATHER!! WHERE ARE YOU? ANSWER ME!



FATHER'S CLOAK IS GONE... AH...THERE...A FIGURE RUNNING OUT THROUGH THE NIGHT!



I MUST FOLLOW...I
MUST **KNOW!!**
HE'S MAKING
FOR THE
CEMETERY!



FATHER... FATHER
PERHAPS WHAT
THEY SAY IS TRUE!



I'VE LOST HIM...HE WAS
HERE BUT A MOMENT AGO...
**HER GRAVE..THAT'S
WHERE HE'LL GO!**

I THINK WE
WATCH TOO
FAR
FROM
THE
GRAVE!

WE MUST GIVE
THE GHOUL A
CHANCE TO
COME FOR
HER IF WE
ARE TO
CATCH HIM!

I PRAY
THAT I
AM IN
TIME!

SUDDENLY!...
A FIEND
ATTACKED
OTTO...IT WAS
NOT HIS FATHER.

ARRAGHH!!

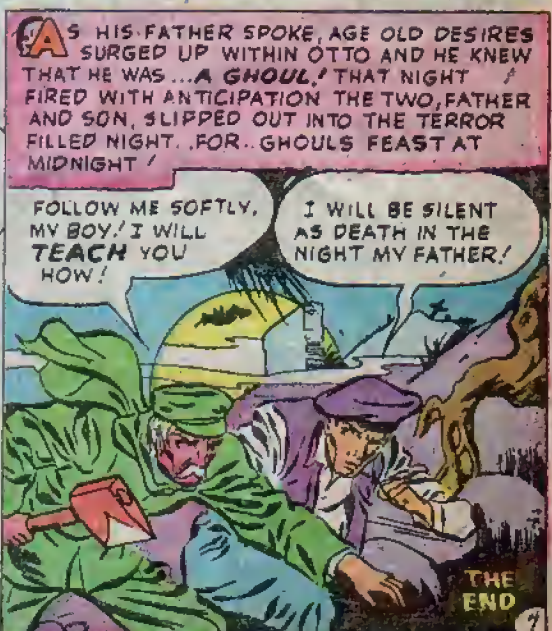
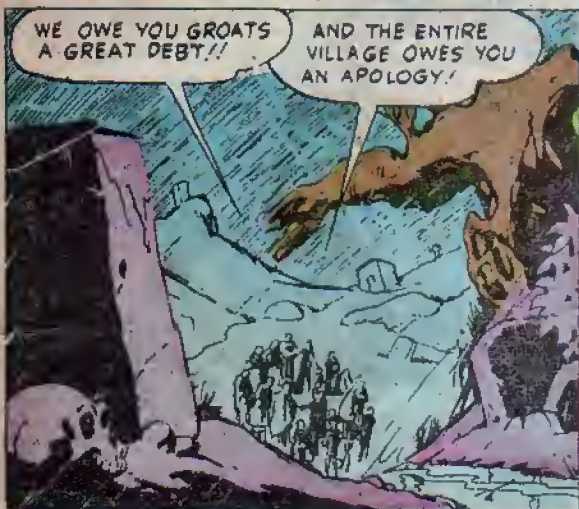


FOUL FIEND!...
(GASP)...HELP!
(GASP)

AAARRGH!!



AND YET, I WELCOME
YOU, FOR YOU ARE
NOT MY FATHER!



MYRTONE DREAMS OF ETERNAL LIFE, DON'T THEY? HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO LIVE FOREVER?
DAVID MURDSTONE FOUND THE SECRET OF ETERNAL LIFE, BUT LEARNED TOO LATE THAT THERE ARE
THINGS WORSE THAN DEATH..... WHEN HE FOUND.....

The POOL of ETERNITY

COME ON, YOU MURDERING
DEVILS, DO YOUR WORST!
YOU CAN'T KILL ME!

BEHOLD! HE
HAS DESPOILED OUR
GODDESS!



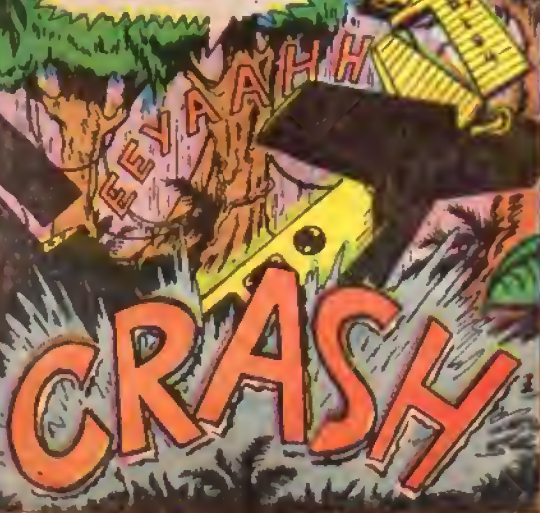
A STORMY NIGHT ABOVE THE SOUTH AMERICAN
JUNGLE ---

GOOD LORD! WE'RE
OUT OF GAS! I HOPE
WE CAN GLIDE TO THE
RIVER!

SPUT
SPUT



IT'S NO USE, DAVID!
WE CAN'T MAKE IT!



THE SILVER BIRD HAS FALLEN FROM THE SKY. LET US SEARCH BENEATH IT...



LOOK! THIS ONE IS ALIVE!

THE NATIVES CARRY THE BARELY LIVING FORM OF DAVID MURDSTONE BACK TO THEIR VILLAGE ---



THERE IS LITTLE CHANCE THAT HE WILL LIVE. TAKE HIM TO THE TEMPLE. ONLY THE GODS CAN HELP HIM NOW!

WHO IS THIS THAT YOU BRING TO THE SHRINE OF THE SNAKE MOTHER?



AN INJURED TRAVELER, KONOCRY. PERHAPS IN YOUR WISDOM YOU COULD HEAL HIM...

LEAVE HIM THEN. I SHALL ASK THE SNAKE MOTHER'S HELP!



HE-HE-HE! IT IS TOO LATE. ANYONE CAN SEE THAT HE IS NEARLY DEAD!

HE SHALL NOT DIE! I WILL CALL ON EVERY POWER OF THE GODS... AND IF NO OTHER SPELLS REVIVE HIM... THERE IS ALWAYS THE POOL OF ETERNITY!



WHAT! YOU MUST NOT BREAK THE TABOO OF THE SNAKE MOTHER FOR THE LIFE OF ONE MAN!



BUT IT MAY BE THE ONLY CHANCE TO SAVE HIM!

YOU KNOW IT IS FORBIDDEN THAT ANY PERSON OF OUR TRIBE DRINK THE SACRED WATER...



BUT MALA, THIS HANDSOME STRANGER IS NOT OF OUR TRIBE. THE TABOO IS NOT CONCERNED WITH HIM. . . .



FOOLISH MAIDEN /
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT
THE SACRED WATERS
ARE SAID TO BESTOW
ETERNAL LIFE ON THOSE
WHO DRINK THEM?

THEN IT SHOULD
NOT BE FORBIDDEN TO
DRINK - WHY SHOULD
WE GROW OLD AND DIE
IF WE DO NOT HAVE
TO, MALA?



THE ANCIANTS WERE
WISE IN FORBIDDING IT.
THERE ARE THINGS
FAR WORSE THAN
DEATH!

ENOUGH OF YOUR
PREACHING, OLD ONE!
I AM THE HIGH
PRIESTESS OF THE
SNAKE MOTHER. GO!
LEAVE US ALONE!



HEAR ME, OH SNAKE MOTHER.
COME TO THE AID OF THIS MAN
FROM THE SKY!



BUT KONOCRY'S PRAYERS GO UNANSWERED AS
DAVID MURDSTONE'S LIFE SLOWLY SLIPS AWAY...
UNTIL THE PRIESTESS GAVE HIM A DRINK FROM
THE POOL OF ETERNITY...

DRINK... IT IS THE
ONLY WAY TO SAVE YOU
I HOPE THE GODS
FORGIVE US!



WHAT...
WHERE AM
I...

HE LIVES /
HE AWAKENS!



WHY I'M NOT EVEN SCRATCHED!
HOW DID I GET HERE? WHO ARE
YOU?

LIE DOWN OR
YOUR SPEEDY
RECOVERY MAY
MAKE THEM
SUSPECT MY
CRIME!



KONOCRY TELLS DAVID OF THE
MYSTIC WAY HIS LIFE HAS BEEN
SAVED...

YOU EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE
THAT FAIRY TALE?

SO NOW I'M IMMORTAL,
EH, PRINCESS?

YES,
DAVID. IT IS
SAID THAT...
OH! WHO IS
THAT?



THE EVIL KONOCRY HAS
BROKEN THE TABOO! SHE
HAS GIVEN THE GIFT OF
IMMORTALITY TO THE
STRANGER!

SEIZE HER!
SHE MUST
DIE!



STOP! SHE HAS
DONE NO HARM!
SHE SAVED MY
LIFE...

SILENCE, STRANGER!
SINCE YOU KNEW NOTHING
OF THE TABOO, WE WILL NOT
PUNISH YOU. BUT GO...BEFORE
WE CHANGE OUR MINDS...



GO? INTO THAT JUNGLE?
A WHITE MAN WOULDN'T LAST A
MILE IN THAT UNDERBRUSH!

YOU CAN NOT STAY! YOU
ARE TABOO! BUT YOU WILL
BE SAFE IN THE JUNGLE.
NOTHING CAN HARM AN
IMMORTAL...



AND SO, WEAPONLESS AND
WITHOUT FOOD OR WATER, DAVID
MURDSTONE IS FORCED TO
LEAVE THE VILLAGE ---

I HAVEN'T A
CHANCE!



THE DESPERATE MURDSTONE
FAILS TO SEE A DEADLY BUSH-
MASTER SLITHERING TOWARDS
HIM HUNGRILY ---



SUDDENLY!!

WHAT THE...



BUT DAVID MURDSTONE IS NOT THE ONE TO DIE!

I--I'VE BEEN BITTEN BY THE MOST DEADLY
SNAKE IN THE JUNGLE! AND I DON'T EVEN FEEL
IT! KONOCRY WAS TELLING THE TRUTH!
I--I CAN'T BE KILLED!
I CAN'T DIE!



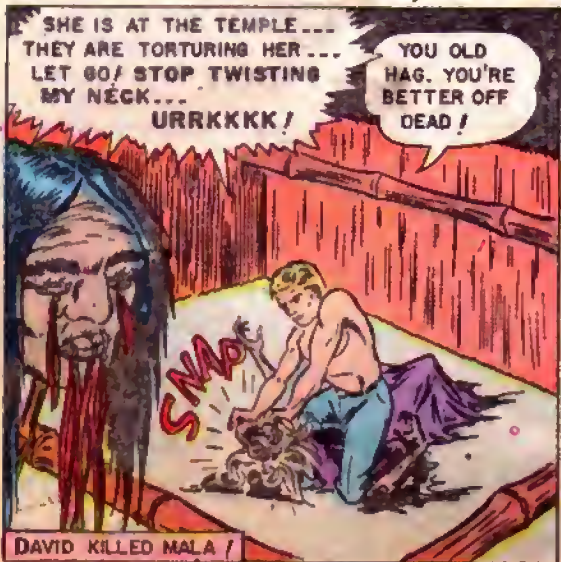
NOTHING CAN STOP ME / I'M IMMORTAL . I CAN BE THE MOST POWERFUL MAN IN THE WORLD / BUT FIRST THOSE NATIVES MUST BE TAUGHT A LESSON . . . AND I, MUST SAVE KONOCRY !



LATER THAT NIGHT DAVID RETURNS TO THE NATIVE VILLAGE ---

IT IS THE IMMORTAL ONE / DO NOT KILL ME!

WHERE IS KONOCRY? TALK FAST, MALA!



SHE IS AT THE TEMPLE --- THEY ARE TORTURING HER --- LET GO / STOP TWISTING MY NECK . . . URRKKKK!

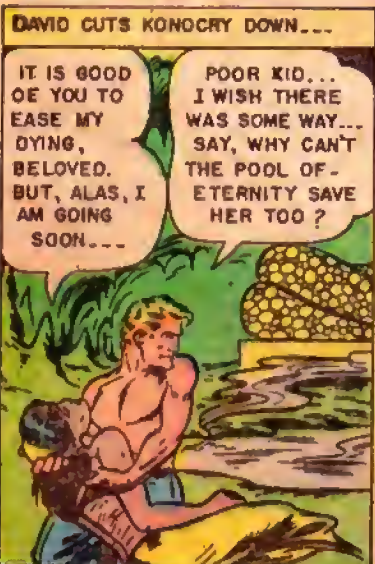
YOU OLD HAG. YOU'RE BETTER OFF DEAD!

DAVID KILLED MALA /



GOING TO THE TEMPLE , DAVID FINDS . . .

COME . LET HER DIE SLOWLY, FOR BETRAYING HER SACRED TRUST!



DAVID CUTS KONOCRY DOWN . . .

IT IS GOOD OF YOU TO EASE MY DYING, BELOVED. BUT, ALAS, I AM GOING SOON . . .

POOR KID . . . I WISH THERE WAS SOME WAY . . . SAY, WHY CAN'T THE POOL OF ETERNITY SAVE HER TOO?



I FEAR THE WRATH OF THE SNAKE MOTHER MORE THAN DEATH!

COME ON AND DRINK IT. IT'S YOUR ONLY CHANCE!



AS KONOCRY DRINKS THE MAGIC WATERS, HER WOUNDS HEAL AND SHE BECOMES IMMORTAL . . .

IT LOOKS LIKE YOU AND I WILL BE TOGETHER FOR A LONG TIME, PRINCESS . . .

AND YET, I FEAR THIS POWER OVER DEATH, DAVID. IT WAS NOT MEANT FOR MERE MORTALS!

NONSENSE! WE'LL MAKE IT TO THE RIVER AND HAIL A PASSING BOAT BACK TO CIVILIZATION, AND I THINK WE'LL BE RICH AS WELL AS IMMORTAL...
--- IF THAT JEWEL IS REAL!



I'LL JUST PRY IT OUT AND MAKE IT PAY FOR THE LONG WALK AHEAD OF US!



STEALING THE JEWEL FROM THE IDOL'S FOREHEAD THEY RUN INTO THE JUNGLE ---

NOW TO GET OUT OF HERE...

OH DAVID, ONLY EVIL CAN COME FROM THIS THEFT!



BUT SUDDENLY THE GHOST OF MALA APPEARS AND HOLDS THEM BACK UNTIL THE NATIVES COME ---

IT- IT CAN'T BE! IT'S MALA / BUT I KILLED HER!

HEHEHEHE

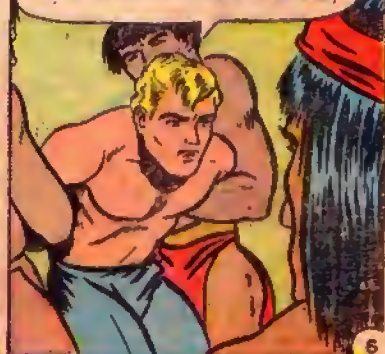


THERE THEY ARE! SEIZE THEM!

WE'RE TRAPPED! BLAST YOU, MALA--- SHE...SHE'S GONE!

SO, THIS IS THE WAY YOU SHOW YOUR GRATITUDE TO US FOR SAVING YOUR LIFE! YOU RETURN IN THE NIGHT TO ROB AND KILL US. THIS TIME YOU WILL BE PUNISHED!

WE ARE IMMORTAL. YOU CAN'T KILL US. IT'S TRUE THAT YOU CAN TORTURE OR IMPRISON US, BUT WE SHALL BE ALIVE LONG AFTER ANY PRISON HAS CRUMBLLED. NOTHING CAN KEEP US FROM ESCAPING SOONER OR LATER AND TAKING REVENGE!



LET THEM GO, CHIEF, LEST THEY
WREAK TERRIBLE VENGEANCE ON
OUR TRIBE!

IT'S WORKING!
THEY DON'T KNOW
WHAT TO DO WITH US
SO THEY'LL HAVE
TO LET US GO...



NO! THEY HAVE
BROKEN THE LAWS OF OUR
TRIBE AND DESPOILED
OUR GODS! THEY MUST
PAY THE TERRIBLE PRICE
OF THE TABOO!



AND SO, DAVID AND MONOCRY ARE
SUBJECTED TO EVERY FIENDISH TORTURE
THAT THE NATIVES CAN DEVISE...

ENJOY YOURSELVES, BLAST YOU!
IT MAY TAKE YEARS, BUT I'LL
GET LOOSE! WHEN I DO I'LL...
OOOWWWWW—W!



...UNTIL EVEN THE CHIEF GROWS WEARY OF IT!

BAHH! THEY HAVE GROWN USED TO
PAIN! LET US FINISH WITH
THEM!

BUT HOW? WE CANNOT
KILL THEM!



FOOL! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN HOW
WE' JIVAROS DEAL WITH
OUR ENEMIES?

NO! NO!
ANYTHING
BUT THAT!



AND SO, THOUGH THE JIVAROS BEHEADED THEM,
DAVID MURDSTONE AND THE GIRL MONOCRY, HAVING
DRUNK FROM THE POOL OF ETERNITY, COULD
NOT DIE. NOR WILL THEY... EVER!

OH, DAVID, SAVE
ME! SAVE
ME!
EEAHHHH!!



AS THE OLD HAG, MALA, HAD SAID... THERE
ARE THINGS FAR WORSE THAN DEATH!

HELP US, SOMEONE...
TAKE PITY ON US...
MONOCRY AND I ARE
STILL ALIVE!

ALAS, NO ONE
CAN HELP US, DAVID,
AND WE CAN
NEVER DIE!



TERROR OF THE SLEEPING MONSTER!



"TO BE CREATIVE IS TO BE INDIVIDUAL", AN OLD PROVERB SAYS. HEH, HEH.... BUT WHAT IF THE ARTIST CREATES AN INDIVIDUAL WHO DESTROYS? SILLY YOU SAY? FANTASTIC YOU THINK? THEN READ ON, IF YOU DARE, AND FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF WHAT HAPPENS TO A SCULPTOR WHO CHISELS OUT A STATUE FROM HIS DREAMS ONLY TO FIND THAT IT IS AN IMAGE OF... **DEATH!!**

I MUST DESTROY THIS HORRIBLE STATUE ---- SMASH IT INTO A HUNDRED PIECES! I'VE CREATED A MONSTER...A CREATURE OF EVIL!

SAVE ME; OH! SAVE ME!



LAWRENCE MATTHEWS DIDN'T WANT MUCH OUT OF LIFE...ONLY A CHANCE TO BE A SUCCESSFUL SCULPTOR SO HE COULD MARRY THE BEAUTIFUL ANNA. BUT TO DO THAT, HE HAD TO BE THE OTHER--AND THAT WAS HOW IT ALL BEGAN...

YES, IT IS! THEY MUST HAVE LIKED MY ENTRIES TO SEND ME A REPLY SO SOON! I'LL HAVE MONEY, SUCCESS AND ANNA.

THERE'S A LETTER FOR ME...M-MAYBE FROM THE ART INSTITUTE!

LETTER FOR MR. MATTHEWS!



OH...T. THEY HAVEN'T ACCEPTED MY WORK! THEY'RE SORRY! WHAT DO **THEY** KNOW ABOUT SCULPTURE? WHAT DO THEY CARE WHETHER I LIVE OR STARVE? WHAT SHALL I TELL ANNA? I'LL LIE TO HER!



BUT WHEN LAWRENCE MATTHEWS WENT TO ANNA'S HOUSE, HE FOUND HER OTHERWISE PREOCCUPIED:

DEAREST, WHERE ARE YOU GOING? I THOUGHT...

I'M GOING OUT TONIGHT, AND I DON'T CARE WHAT **YOU** DO! I'M TIRED OF BEING SHACKLED TO A FAILURE. IT'S ALL OVER BETWEEN US!



B-BUT ANNA--YOU CAN'T MEAN THAT...PLEASE!

OH, STOP BLUBBERING. FROM NOW ON, I ONLY

WANT **SUCCESSFUL** MEN LIKE OWEN TREWSTER, THE DIRECTOR WHO SENT YOU THAT LETTER! I KNOW ABOUT **THAT** TOO! AND HERE HE COMES!

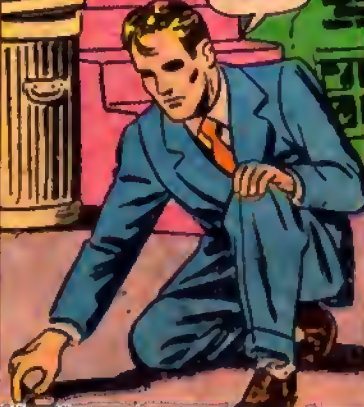


OWEN, DARLING, TAKE ME TO A GOOD NIGHTCLUB!

MATTHEWS... ANNA, UH SORRY P-PLEASE... ABOUT YOUR WORK! COME OVER AND PICK IT UP TOMORROW. WON'T YOU? HERE'S A QUARTER FOR CARFARE!



I'M A FAILURE, A QUARTER HE GAVE ME... HA, HA...-A **QUARTER!** I'LL PUT IT TO GOOD USE...YES...TO **GOOD USE!**



AND LATER THAT NIGHT IN HIS GARRET, LAWRENCE MATTHEWS STOOD POISED BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH!

HERE'S GOOD-BYE TO GREEDY, GRASPING MANKIND! MAY I NEVER BE CURSED WITH THEM AGAIN--- JUST ONE SWALLOW FROM THIS QUARTER'S WORTH OF CYANIDE... OHHH!



COUGH...COUGH... "FOR RATS." I TOLD THE DRUG STORE CLERK... "THIS CYANIDE IS FOR RATS"... COUGH...COUGH... AND THAT'S WHAT I AM... NOT FIT TO LIVE!...AAAAAAAARGHHH!



AND LAWRENCE MATTHEWS BREA-
THED WHAT NORMALLY SHOULD HAVE
BEEN HIS LAST, BUT SOME-
THING ELSE HAPPENED---

OPEN YOUR EYES, FOOLISH
MORTAL! BREATHE AND LIVE
AGAIN! YOU ARE NOT MEANT
TO DIE--YET!

WHO ARE YOU? DOES THAT
MATTER? ALL
YOU NEED TO KNOW
IS SUICIDES HOVER
BETWEEN THE WORLDS
OF LIFE AND DEATH!

WHY CAN'T YOU LEAVE ME
BE? I JUST WANT TO DIE...
PLEASE! LEAVE ME ALONE!

SILENCE! OR I WILL SEND
YOU TO THE FATE THAT
SHOULD RIGHTFULLY BE
YOURS! INSTEAD--
I OFFER YOU
LIFE--ANOTHER
CHANCE FOR
SUCCESS,
FAME, MONEY,
POWER.

WHAT FOR?...SO I CAN
SUFFER ALL OVER
AGAIN? NO! YOU WILL BECOME A
GREAT SCULPTOR WITH
THIS CHISEL! THE WORLD
WILL FALL AT YOUR FEET. BUT
YOU MUST MAKE A STATUE. IN
MY IMAGE WITH
THIS CHISEL!

OH, IF I COULD BELIEVE
THAT...IF I COULD TRULY
BE WHAT YOU SAY...THEN
ANNA WOULD COME BACK
TO ME...BEAUTIFUL ANNA
WITH THE FLAMING
HAIR---

SHE WILL BE ONLY
ONE IN THOUSANDS
WHO WILL ADMIRE
YOU! BUT YOU MUST
DO EXACTLY AS I
SAY! LOOK UPON ME
WELL, LOOK UPON
ME WELL...

NOW, WILL YOU PROMISE
TO CREATE THE
STATUE?

YES! YES!
I PROMISE.

THEN SUDDENLY A HUMAN HAND WAS
SHAKING LAWRENCE.

WHERE AM I?
WHO ARE YOU?

SNAP OUT OF IT,
YOU'VE HAD A CLOSE
CALL! I'M A
DOCTOR.

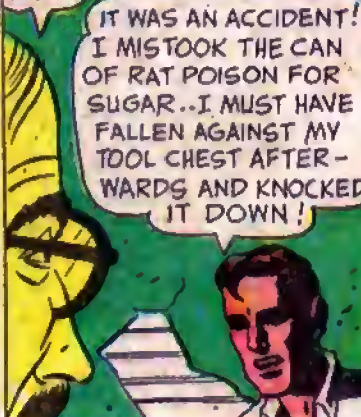
HUMPF! I'LL SAY HE HAS! MIXING CYANIDE IN HIS COFFEE AND JUST LOOK AT THIS MESS. LUCKY THING I HEARD A NOISE UP HERE!

GOOD LORD! THE CHISEL---IT---IT **WAS** TRUE THEN!



WHAT DO YOU HAVE TO SAY FOR YOURSELF, SON? TRYING TO COMMIT SUICIDE IS A MATTER FOR THE AUTHORITIES!

IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I MISTOOK THE CAN OF RAT POISON FOR SUGAR..I MUST HAVE FALLEN AGAINST MY TOOL CHEST AFTER-WARDS AND KNOCKED IT DOWN!



HUMM...I DON'T KNOW, IT SOUNDS PLAUSIBLE, BUT--

AW, COME ON, DOC! GIVE HIM A BREAK! HE'S ALL RIGHT NOW!



AND WHEN THEY WERE GONE....

WAS I DREAMING AFTER ALL? NO, IT MUST BE TRUE. THERE'S THAT STRANGE CHISEL. I'LL PUT MY NAME ON IT.



THAT FACE IS STILL IN MY MIND. THOSE EYES.. HOW THEY BURNED! YES, I MUST KEEP MY PROMISE!



MATTHEWS GRABBED THE CHISEL. AT ONCE A STRANGE POWER POSSESSED HIM. A POWER TO CREATE GREAT THINGS.

SO LAWRENCE MATTHEWS WORKED ON HIS CREATION. MANY DAYS PASSED AND THE STATUE ASSUMED SHAPE-RAPIDLY--AND WONDER OF WONDERS---IT WAS **TRULY** A MASTERPIECE!

IT WILL BE A MASTERPIECE, A WORK OF GENIUS. I FEEL IT.



THEN MATTHEWS BEGGED FOR A CHANCE TO HAVE HIS CREATION UNVEILED AT THE ART INSTITUTE. AND IN THE GROUP THAT HAD COME TO MOCK HIM WERE ANNA AND OWEN TREWSTER...

DO YOU THINK HE HAS SOMETHING THIS TIME, HONEY?

IMPOSSIBLE! THE MAN IS ONLY MEDIOCRE AT BEST! SHH... LET'S SEE--!



BRAVO!

IT'S MAGNIFICENT!

N-NO! IT CAN'T BE--!

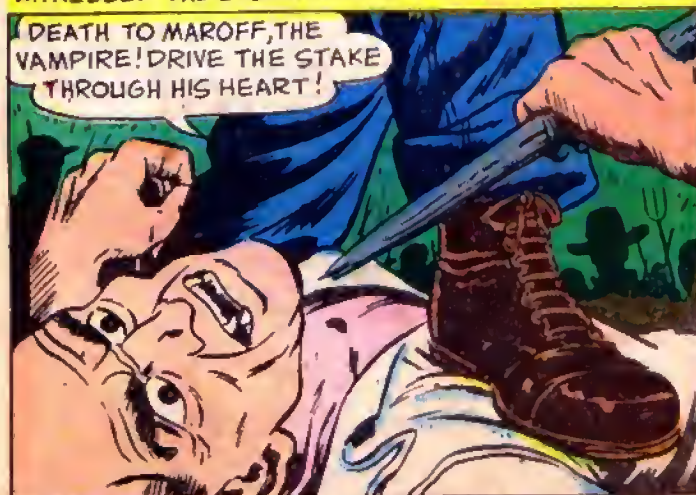


IT'S WONDERFUL! I-I MUST I'LL HAVE TO MAKE UP TO THE LAWRENCE! HE'LL TAKE ME BACK!

I-I MUST BE GOING MAD! IT'S THE FACE OF SHARAL MAROFF... THE NOTORIOUS VAMPIRE WHO DIED 30 YEARS AGO IN GREYLOCK TOWN!



AND OWEN TREWSTER REMEMBERED BACK TO THAT HORRIBLE DAY WHEN HE WAS A YOUNG BOY OF TEN--WHO WITNESSED THE EXECUTION OF A VAMPIRE!



DEATH TO MAROFF, THE VAMPIRE! DRIVE THE STAKE THROUGH HIS HEART!

CURSE YOU ALL! I'LL COME BACK FOR ALL OF YOU IN GREYLOCK TOWN!



WHEN A FRIGHTENED TREWSTER TOLD THIS TO LAWRENCE MATTHEWS AND ANNA, AFTER ALL HAD GONE...

I NEVER HEARD OF SUCH A SILLY THING!

WHERE IS THE COFFIN? I MUST SEE IT FOR MYSELF!



AND AFTER PERSUADING THE ART DIRECTOR TO DRIVE THEM BACK TO THAT DREADED TOWN, MATTHEWS DUG UP THE ROTTED COFFIN-- AND A CHISEL!

YOU'RE BOTH CRAZY! I DON'T KNOW WHY I CAME AT ALL! I--

GOOD HEAVENS! THE BODY IS STILL PRESERVED!

THAT CHISEL INCREDIBLE! IT'S THE ONE I USED TO MAKE THE STATUE! HOW DID IT GET IN THERE?



SUDDENLY A TRANSPARENT
SHAPE SEEMED TO PASS
SWIFTLY OUT OF THE CORPSE
AND INTO THE SOMBER
SHADOWS OF NIGHT!

AND HE'S THE SAME MAN I
SAW THAT NIGHT...



ANNA'S FAINTED! THAT-THAT
THING IS EVIL, LET'S GET OUT
OF THIS CRAZY PLACE!

YOU'RE RIGHT! PUT
THAT LID BACK ON---
QUICKLY!



TWO HOURS LATER, AFTER
OWEN TREWSTER HAD TAKEN
THE SCULPTOR AND THE
GIRL TO THEIR HOMES, HE
WENT TO HIS OWN APARTMENT--

NO, NO!!! MAROFF DON'T
KILL ME ----GO BACK
TO YOUR GRAVE!!

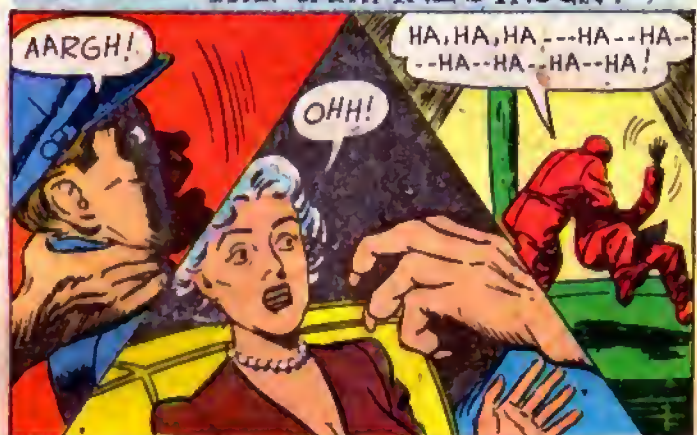


NO..NO...!GET AWAY
FROM ME **HELP!!**
AIIIIIIIIIEEE!

HA, HA, HA--
THE OTHERS
OF GREYLOCK
TOWN WILL
SOON FOLLOW
YOU!

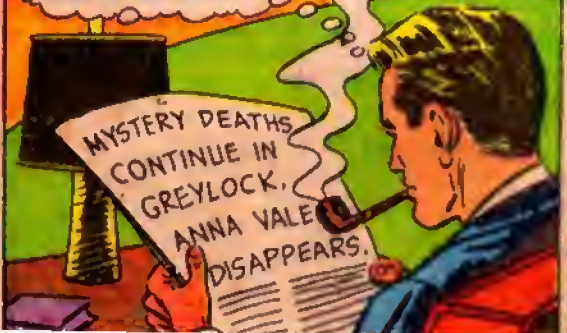


DURING THE NEXT FEW MONTHS, A TERRIFYING HORROR
ROCKED GREYLOCK TOWN --A MAN CAME HOME LATE,
AT NIGHT--A WOMAN SITTING IN HER LIVING-ROOM--
A POLICEMAN ON HIS BEAT--ALL VICTIMS OF A NAME-
LESS DREAD! **THE VAMPIRE STRUCK!**



AND IN THE NEW HOME OF THE NOW SUC-
CESSFUL MATTHEWS---

FIRST IT WAS TREWSTER...NEXT THESE
HORRIBLE DEATHS!--AS IF A--A VAMPIRE
ATTACKED THEM--AND NOW ANNA HAS
DISAPPEARED!

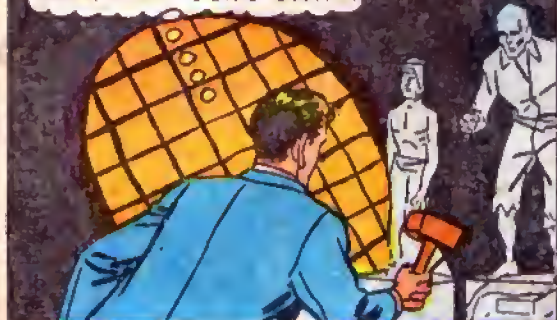


THINGS LIKE THESE DON'T HAPPEN. B-
BUT THAT EXPERIENCE OF MINE--AND
THAT COFFIN WAS NO DREAM! I'VE GOT
TO DO SOMETHING---



SO LAWRENCE MATTHEWS DECIDED THERE WAS ONLY ONE THING TO DO--LATER THAT NIGHT, IN THE DESERTED ART GALLERY OF THE ART INSTITUTE----

THESE EVIL THINGS ALL STARTED WHEN I CREATED THAT STATUE. IT IS A THING OF EVIL. I WILL SMASH IT! ANNA MUST COME BACK!!



AS HE RAISED HIS HAMMER TO DESTROY HIS MASTERPIECE, AN OMINOUS SHADOW APPEARED..

STOP! HAVE YOU FORGOTTEN OUR AGREEMENT. SMASH MY IMAGE AND YOU WILL RUIN YOUR-SELF!

I DON'T CARE I ONLY WANT-ED SUCCESS TO MARRY ANNA! NOW SHE'S GONE!



THE STATUE GAVE ME AN EARTHLY HOME, BUT WHEN YOU OPENED MY COFFIN, MY SOUL WAS-- FREED AGAIN TO ROAM THE EARTH IN THE BODY OF ANOTHER AS LONG AS THIS STATUE IS INTACT!

WHOSE BODY? TELL ME!!



BUT NOW YOU MUST DIE!

I'VE GOT TO BREAK THAT STATUE...IF..IF ONLY I CAN GET NEAR IT...IF ONLY MY STRENGTH HOLDS OUT!



AAAAAAARRRGHHH!!

THANK HEAVEN IT'S DONE! AND I'M GLAD IT'S FINISHED!



AND AS LAWRENCE MATTHEWS LOOKED DOWN AT THE HORROR THAT WAS SHRIVELING OUT OF EXISTENCE, IT SLOWLY CHANGED TO THE BODY IT HAD TAKEN WHEN IT WAS LIBERATED FROM THE GRAVE...THAT OF THE BEAUTIFUL ANNA!!



NO! OH!! NO!! IT'S ANNA. SHE'S DEAD!



THE END

STRANGE GROTTO OF DEATH

By ELLEN LYNN

"WILL you sign the register here, sir?"

The proprietor of the River's Edge Inn, near old New Orleans, smiled cordially and introduced himself to me: "I am Harvey Toren." We shook hands and I told him I was Gary Allen. He seemed about thirty-four or five years older than I. We talked quite a while, before I was shown to my room. He seemed a pleasant chap and I felt I would enjoy my stay.

Early the next morning when I left the Inn, for the river, Harvey Toren was nowhere around. Outside there was a hot, rasy haze over everything—even over the lush, green foliage. I walked quickly in the morning stillness, when I was startled by a sound behind me. Turning, I saw an old woman—a toothless hag—leaning on a stick.

"What Y' doin', young fella?" she croaked.

"Going fishing," I answered.

"Don't go swimmin'!" she warned. "There's a man-eatin' alligator in the river."

When I laughed off her fears, assuring her I could handle myself in the water, she became angry.

"Fool!" she cried out. "Two men have been killed by that 'gator this past year! But I warned ya!" And she walked into the shrubs, disappearing from sight as mysteriously as she had come.

I was wearing swimming trunks under my slacks, and I slipped out of my clothes, leaving them by the trunk of a tree at the river's edge. The water was misty green; it looked cool and inviting. The air was weirdly still, but a sudden rippling on the water made me stare hard, as I remembered the old hag's warning. Then the surface turned calm—nothing appeared—but I decided not to swim; I'd use one of the canoes belonging to the Inn.

Drifting in the tropical waters, I almost dazed in the humid heat, the air acting like a drug on my senses, when I was startled by a jolt. Abruptly awakened to full awareness, I was horrified to

see the saw-edged jaws of an alligator widely agape moving closer to the flimsy canoe. I broke out into a cold sweat and raised my paddle, hoping I could strike a hard enough blow between its eyes at least to stun the 'gator. As its deadly jaws clamped over the side of the canoe, I struck a wild blow and felt myself being hurled into the water. There was sharp sting on my head and in the flash of a moment, as I blocked out, I saw myself carried bodily between the tremendous jaws of the river beast; I saw the upper teeth coming down upon me and froze stiff—as I went into a faint.

I opened my eyes in a world of aquamarine and rose hues. Was I dead? No, something was dragging my arm and I was floating on my back. My head felt light and giddy. I turned it and saw, incredibly, a beautiful girl, her long, yellow hair floating behind her. Her white arm was linked in mine and she was strongly and gracefully drawing me through the water. We stopped at the entrance to a grotto, and holding my hand she led me inside. It was a luxuriously furnished room, a blue fire burning brightly in the hearth. In front of the fireplace a table was set for two and we both sat down to eat. Facing her, I studied her exquisite beauty. Our eyes met, and she smiled a sad, enchanting smile. Vaguely I wondered how she and I could be living, breathing in a grotto under the river, but those thoughts never lingered long. Vaguely, I wondered, too, how I got there and why she scarcely spoke. Yet I wasn't too curious; I was content. Suddenly she said:

"I am Lono. I brought you here to my home."

"I thought the alligator had killed me. My name is Gary Allen," I replied.

"You are to stay here and help me with my work. I collect the largest and most beautiful pearls from the bi-valves. Come with me."

We swam together some distance from the Grotto where the water was a darker green and

Meet The Man... Who Can Tell You How To Lick

PIMPLES

ACNE AND ALL OTHER EXTERNALLY CAUSED
SKIN BLEMISHES And Make Them

DISAPPEAR FROM SIGHT...

Here is Mr. John A. Rubine, Ph.D. — a well-known pharmacist who has spent almost 26 years trying to solve one of the most vexing problems of youth — and adults too — unsightly acne pimples, blackheads and similar externally caused skin conditions.

They are indeed a serious problem, for nothing can do more to ruin your chances of success and popularity than a face made ugly with pimples and blackheads. And, if neglected, acne pimples may leave permanent scars and pits.

Mr. Rubine, after much experimenting and research in cooperation with doctors and chemists, found what he was seeking — a formula that would lick acne pimples and other externally caused skin blemishes. He succeeded beyond his fondest expectations and he was so proud of his treatment that he gave it his own name — RUBIN-EX.

DOUBLE ACTION! DOUBLE QUICK RESULTS!

The sensational Rubin-Ex treatment works two ways:

A. Makes acne pimples, and all other skin blemishes INSTANTLY DISAPPEAR FROM SIGHT.

B. Its medication cleans up pimples, blackheads.

When thousands of tiny oil glands discharge more oil than your skin can absorb, the excess oil picks up and holds tiny particles of dust, dirt, grime, grit, bacteria. This foreign matter soon clogs up and enlarges your pores, form blackheads, cause infection and soon you have a fine crop of ugly red acne pimples.

Rubin-Ex FORMULA #1 is a special cleansing agent that really gets down in the skin pores and thoroughly cleans them out as no soap can. It also removes excess oil thus correcting excessive oiliness in your skin, one of the principal causes of pimples and blackheads.

Rubin-Ex FORMULA #2 is great news. When applied to your face it makes pimples and other unsightly blemishes disappear from sight instantly.

And while it is hiding your ugly blemishes from critical eyes its medication is actually at work to clean them up. It contains an ingredient that relieves the itching, another to soothe and heal the irritation, and still another which gently and harmlessly flakes off the dead hard outer skin, leaving your face and complexion much smoother and clearer. You can use Rubin-Ex day and night for 4 to 6 days when applied and does not interfere with make up. Make an excellent powder base.

MR. JOHN A. RUBINE PH.D.
SKINTEX CORP.

69-47 218 St., Dept. MA • Bayside, L. I., N. Y.



instantly!



HE BLESSES RUBIN-EX! No one can realize the humiliation — almost disgrace — of a face marked by pimples and blackheads. I too then, to bad that I felt no one wanted to look at me. Today my pimples are gone — and I bless Rubin-Ex — that did it — Mr. Bob L.O., Long Island.



LUCKY DAY FOR HER! For years I was embarrassed and ashamed of my pimply face and blotchy complexion. It was a lucky day for me when I was told about Rubin-Ex. My pimples disappeared from sight instantly and my complexion improved 100%. — Miss Jane G.L., Bronx.

HOW YOU MAY TRY RUBIN-EX AT OUR RISK

Mr. Rubine is so sure that his treatment will improve your skin and complexion in just 10 days that he is making this No Risk Offer. He says: "Use Rubin-Ex for 10 days. If you do not notice a marked improvement in your skin and complexion

if you are not entirely pleased and happy with results, your money will be refunded at once." So start now for a clearer, smoother skin and complexion, the magic way to popularity and success. Order Rubin-Ex today. MAIL COUPON NOW.

MR. JOHN A. RUBINE PH.D.

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Dear Mr. Rubine: Please rush me in plain wrapper, complete Rubin-Ex treatment (Formula #1 and #2). It is understood that if I am not completely satisfied with the improvement in my complexion in just 10 days you will return my money. ☐ Find enclosed \$2 Cash, Check or Money Order. You are to pay all postal charges.

Name CHECK ☐ MAIL ☐

Address CHECK ☐ FEMALE ☐

City Zone State COMPLETION ☐ FAIR ☐

4 P.O. — F.P.O. Canada or Foreign Countries — add 50c — No C.O.D.

much colder. Glimmering through some strange-looking, enormous fronds was a huge pile of the most lustrous, opalescent pearls anyone could possibly imagine. Together we sat cutting open the bivalves, extracting the pearls and adding them to the pile.

Time passed in this under-water Eden. Day after day, though I lost track of time, we pursued the delightful occupation of collecting these gorgeous pearls, swimming together in unbelievably beautiful waters, eating of strange and delicious foods. One day the lovely Lana stood close to me and twined her white arms around my neck. The blood raced to my head as I kissed her cool lips. We held each other tight, happy in this wild, unworldly love. But suddenly she turned away.

"Darling," she said, "you must leave this place; you must return to the upper world—without delay."

"But, sweet," I protested, "I love you. I want to stay here with you forever."

An odd expression came over her face. Quickly, she grabbed my arm, entwining hers through it and with powerful strokes pulled me up, up. We ascended rapidly through the dark waters when I felt my arm released. I looked back and saw my beautiful Lana swimming rapidly away under the waters.

I lay on the grass, under the glaring sun. There was the tree and my clothes still lying at the roots. Full of the thought of Lana, my love for her and the strange, happy life I had led with her under the river, I went back to the Inn. Harvey, the Innkeeper had spied me from the windows and came rushing toward me. He asked dozens of questions; they had given me up as lost—another victim of the man-eating alligator. The overturned canoe had been found far down the river.

Over a drink I told my fantastic story. I described the beautiful Lana and told Harvey of my love, and how she sent me away so hurriedly. His face blanched and he gasped, "Lana! What are you telling me? You're dreaming. This whole story is a figment of your imagination. You must have heard the story of Lana, who drowned

herself in the river a year ago, after I killed her sweetheart in a duel. She never forgave me. When you were hurt this fantasy arose in your mind."

I was becoming convinced by Harvey's version, when I glanced down at my fingers. They were clutching a wet scarf. Slowly I opened out the silken square and recognized it as one of Lana's—which she often wore around her long hair! At the same time, Harvey yelled—"Where did you get that scarf? It was—Lana's!" There was a breathless silence between us as we stared at each other. It was clear that Harvey was beginning to wonder about my story—Could it be true?

That evening we both went in swimming trunks down to the river's edge. Wordlessly we got into a canoe and paddled to the spot that I remembered encountering the alligator. In his belt, Harvey had placed a sharp-bladed dagger. I stood up and dove into the water; Harvey, the dagger between his teeth, followed after me. We struggled down, down—when I spied the Grotto. There swimming back and forth in front of the entrance was the alligator! Then it saw us coming. The tail swished angrily, churning up a white foam. Its eyes fell on me and then turned on Harvey. At once it made a terrific lunge toward him and a wild struggle between man and beast began. I tried desperately to come to Harvey's aid but that mighty tail kept twisting around and brushing me off as though I were a fly on a sleeve. I saw Harvey thrust his cruel dagger between the eyes of the monster—and then, to my horror, the mad gator clamped his jaws down on Harvey—breaking his spine.

I thought my turn was next. I wanted to swim away from that grotto—fast. But then the monster became still. Death had come to it, or so I thought. But incredibly, suddenly the alligator seemed to disintegrate, disappear and its place guarding the grotto was a familiar figure. It had the long yellow hair, the white skin and arms and legs of—Lana—now cold with long death. She seemed to be smiling, with a strange satisfaction.

Quickly I left that place of eerie beauty and death.

HORROR of the WALKING DEAD

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND/ DOCTOR ALGER DOESN'T OWN ANY SUCH ANIMAL... AND IF HE DID, HE WOULDN'T HAVE IT SHOT!

SHOOT! YOUR FRIENDSHIP WITH THE DOCTOR... HIS DAUGHTER'S LIFE DEPENDS ON IT! SHOOT, I SAY!

SHOOT STRAIGHT, MY LOVE!



THE GRAVEYARD SINGS A MOURNFUL, BECKONING LITURGY! THE GRAVE YAWNS WIDE AND WAITS FOR ALL! THE FALLING CLOUDS BEAT AN INSANE TATTOO UPON THE COFFIN LID. AND THEN... ALL IS QUIET FOR THE GRAVE IS KNOWN AS "THE FINAL RESTING PLACE". BUT... IS IT?

THE RAIN AND THE WIND DROWN OUT THE SOBS OF BOTH FATHER AND CHILD AS THE WIFE OF DR. ERASMUS ALGER IS LAID TO REST IN THE FAMILY CEMETERY.

THERE, THERE, MY DEAR. MOTHER WOULDN'T. WANT YOU TO CRY!

MOMMY! I WANT MY MOMMY! COME BACK TO ME MOMMY!



NOW I MUST BE BOTH FATHER AND MOTHER TO THE CHILD. THIS I PROMISE YOU, DEAR WIFE!





THE YEARS MOVED SWIFTLY BY AND AS THEY DID DOCTOR ALGER FELT THAT HE WAS NOT KEEPING HIS GRAVESIDE PROMISE. SO, THE GOOD DOCTOR DECIDED TO MARRY AGAIN...



CONGRATULATIONS, SIR.

THANK YOU, HANS.

NOW KATHY WILL HAVE A MOTHER. SHE NEEDS ONE NOW THAT SHE HAS BEGUN TO NOTICE YOUNG MEN... ESPECIALLY HANS.

WITHIN AN HOUR THE CEREMONY WAS OVER AND THE NEWLYWEDS AND WEDDING PARTY WERE AT THE RECEPTION...

WHERE'S KATHY? HAVE YOU SEEN HER?

SHE'LL BE BACK. YOU CAN'T TELL WITH THESE YOUNGSTERS.

DID YOU HEAR THAT? WHY, LESS THAN TEN YEARS. SEPERATE THEM.

THE WEDDING FESTIVITIES CONCLUDED, THE DOCTOR, HIS BRIDE, HIS DAUGHTER AND HANS RETURNED TO THE DOCTOR'S RESIDENCE...

I ENJOYED HAVING MY FRIENDS ABOUT ME WISHING ME HAPPINESS.

KATHY, WHERE DID YOU DISAPPEAR TO DURING THE RECEPTION?

WHY... I... I...

THAT'S ALRIGHT, MY DEAR. I KNOW THAT I SHALL NEVER TAKE THE PLACE OF YOUR DEAR DEAD MOTHER... BUT I WILL TRY... I WILL TRY!



THAT NIGHT, AFTER KATHY RETIRED, HER NEW MOTHER CAME TO HER...



WE'RE ALONE. NOW I CAN SAY WHAT I REALLY THINK! YOU HATE ME! YOU LEFT THE RECEPTION TO HUMILIATE ME!

WHA-WHAT? I HARDLY KNOW YOU... NOW COULD I HATE YOU?

YOU CAN'T FOOL ME. YOU HATE ME/ YOU WENT TO YOUR MOTHER'S GRAVE/ YOU THINK YOU ARE PRETTIER THAN I AM/ BUT YOU'RE NOT... YOU'RE NOT!

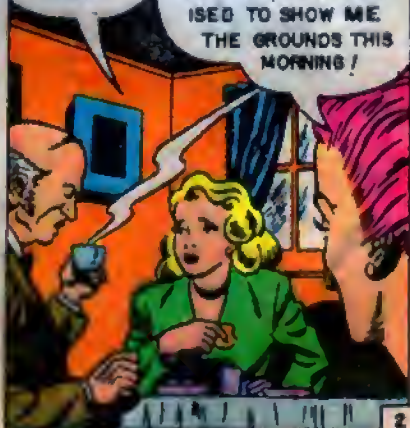


WHY DO YOU SAY SUCH THINGS? WHAT HAVE I DONE TO YOU?

UNFORTUNATELY KATHY WAS TOO INNOCENT TO RECOGNIZE GREED AND ENVY -- ENVY OF HER YOUNG BEAUTY AND GREED FOR HER SHARE IN THE ESTATE! THE NEXT MORNING AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE...



FATHER.. I MUST SEE YOU AFTER BREAKFAST, PLEASE.



NOW, DEAR, YOUR FATHER'S A BUSY MAN. COME TO ME-- I'LL HELP YOU! BESIDES, HE'S PROMISED TO SHOW ME THE GROUNDS THIS MORNING!

LATER THAT MORNING THE DOCTOR ESCORTED HIS NEW WIFE ABOUT THE ALGER ESTATE...

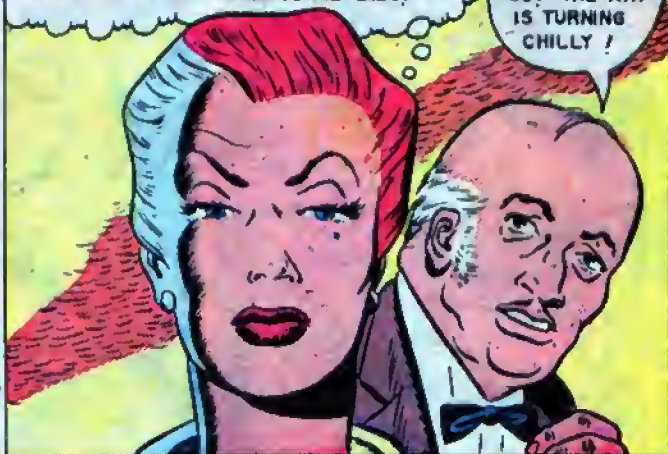
ON YOUR LEFT ARE THE STABLES AND AHEAD, ON THAT HILLOCK, IS THE FAMILY BURIAL GROUND.

IS- IS YOUR FIRST WIFE BURIED THERE? SHOW ME HER GRAVE, I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF SHE APPROVES OF ME.



SO-- THERE YOU ARE-- SIX FEET DEEP! AND-- HERE I AM, ONLY YOUR CHILD STANDS BETWEEN ME AND THIS ESTATE AS SOON AS YOUR OLD FOOL OF A HUSBAND DIES!

COME, ROSAMUND. WE'D BETTER GO! THE AIR IS TURNING CHILLY!



THAT NIGHT ROSAMUND CONTINUED HER FAWNING OVER KATHY IN PUBLIC WHILE TAUNTING THE GIRL IN PRIVATE...

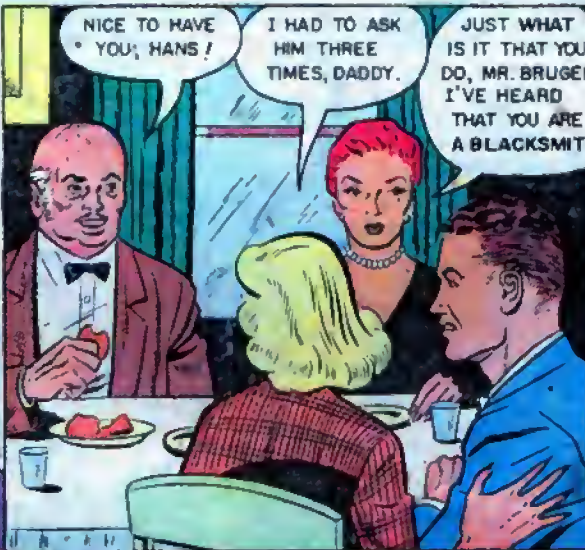
NICE TO HAVE YOU, HANS!

I HAD TO ASK HIM THREE TIMES, DADDY.

JUST WHAT IS IT THAT YOU DO, MR. BRUGER? I'VE HEARD THAT YOU ARE A BLACKSMITH!

YES... THE BEST AND STRONGEST IN THE ENTIRE TERRITORY!

HOW INTERESTING, KATHY DEAR. I'M SURE THAT YOU'RE AN AUTHORITY ON SUCH THINGS!



AFTER DINNER THE TWO MEN LEFT THE WOMEN AND RETIRED TO THE LIBRARY FOR CIGARS AND BRANDY...

WHA... WHAT'S THAT YOU SAY?

IT'S TRUE, SIR. SHE'S MEAN TO KATHY! SHE SEEMS TO HATE KATHY. YOU'VE JUST NEVER NOTICED!

PREPOSTEROUS! I'VE NEVER HEARD OF ANYTHING MORE RIDICULOUS! SHE LOVES THE GIRL, SHE TOLD ME SO! BESIDES... YOU CAN SEE IT WHEN THEY ARE TOGETHER!

BUT, SIR. ARE YOU WITH THEM ALL THE TIME?



AND SO, THE INSINUATIONS AND OTHER VERBAL CRUELITIES OF THE STEP-MOTHER CONTINUED. A FEW DAYS LATER, KATHY AGAIN WALKED OUT TO THE GRAVE OF HER MOTHER.



MOTHER, MOTHER... I NEED YOU SO. WHY DOES SHE HATE ME? WHY? WHY?





EVEN AS KATHY APPEALED TO HER MOTHER HER STEP-MOTHER WAS SECRETLY WATCHING THE DISTRAUGHT GIRL.



AN... THIS IS BETTER. IF I CAN GET HER COMMITTED TO THE ASYLUM I'LL AUTOMATICALLY BECOME HER GUARDIAN-- AND THE GUARDIAN OF THE ESTATE!

I HEARD YOU / I SAW YOU / TALKING TO A DEAD WOMAN / NO ONE TALKS TO DEAD PEOPLE-- YOU MUST BE CRAZY!



WHAT? YOU! WHY DO YOU FOLLOW ME? WHY DO YOU SPY ON ME?



ANYWAY... YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. THIS IS MY MOTHER'S GRAVE. I BRING ALL MY PROBLEMS TO HER!

DOES SHE HELP YOU? DOES SHE ANSWER YOU? NO! ANY DOCTOR WILL AGREE WITH ME, YOU'RE CRAZY, YOU SHOULD BE IN AN ASYLUM!

NOW THAT KATHY KNEW THAT HER STEP-MOTHER WOULD GO TO ANY LENGTHS TO GET RID OF HER, SHE DECIDED THAT SHE TOO MUST TAKE DESPERATE MEASURES. LATE THAT NIGHT...



THREE O'CLOCK! SURELY BY NOW EVERYONE WILL BE ASLEEP.

BONG!
BONG!
BONG!



I'LL GO TO MOTHER! ONLY MOTHER CAN HELP ME. SHE MUST, EVEN IF SHE IS DEAD!

IN A MATTER OF SECONDS KATHY WAS RUNNING OUT THROUGH THE WIND SWEEPED NIGHT TOWARD THE GRAVE OF HER MOTHER...



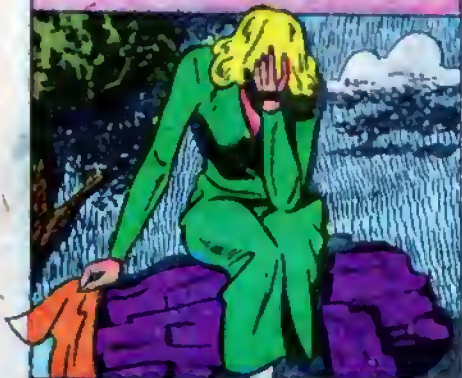
SO SHE SAYS I'M CRAZY BECAUSE I TALK TO MOTHER. WANTS TO GET RID OF ME IN THAT WAY. I'LL SHOW HER... I'LL GET MOTHER TO REALLY HELP ME, AND, I KNOW SHE WILL!



MOTHER... YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! I'VE NO ONE BUT HANS AND HE CAN'T HELP NOW. DO SOMETHING, MOTHER. DO SOMETHING! HELP ME!



KATHY WAITED BUT THERE CAME NO ANSWER...THERE CAME NO SOUNDS SAVE THOSE OF THE WIND LOUD IN THE TREES. SLOWLY KATHY AROSE AND WALKED BACK THROUGH THE NIGHT THAT SEEMED DARKER NOW THAT HER LAST RECOURSE, HER DEAD MOTHER, HAD SEEMINGLY FAILED.



BUT AN HOUR LATER IN THE NEIGHBORING VILLAGE AN EVEN GREATER CLATTER THAN WAS BEING SET UP BY THE WIND WAS HEARD AT THE BARRED DOOR OF HANS, KATHY'S YOUNG LOVER...

IT'S FOUR THIRTY / WHO COULD BE WANTING ME AT THIS HOUR?



WHO IS THERE? WHO NEEDS ME AT THIS HOUR?

KATHY'S FATHER / HE SENT ME TO ASK A FAVOR... A JOB TO BE DONE IMMEDIATELY!



YOU ARE TO SHOOT THIS MARE AT ONCE...BY SOME MISTAKE THE DOCTOR INNOCULATED IT WITH A DEADLY SERUM/ IT MUST BE KILLED BEFORE THE SERUM MULTIPLIES IN ITS BLOOD STREAM!

WHA-WHAT? YOU SAY THIS IS ONE OF THE DOCTOR'S HORSES? IT CAN'T BE... I HAVE SHOD THEM ALL!



SHOOT! SHOOT! I SAY/ THE DOCTOR AND KATHY DEPEND UPON YOU / EVERYTHING DEPENDS UPON YOU/ SHOOT IF YOU LOVE KATHY!



IT'S A RECENT PURCHASE. QUICKLY, TAKE THE HORSE TO THE WOODS AND SHOOT IT/ THE DOCTOR WILL SEE TO THE CARCASS TOMORROW!

WH-WELL IF THAT'S WHAT THE DOCTOR WANTS!

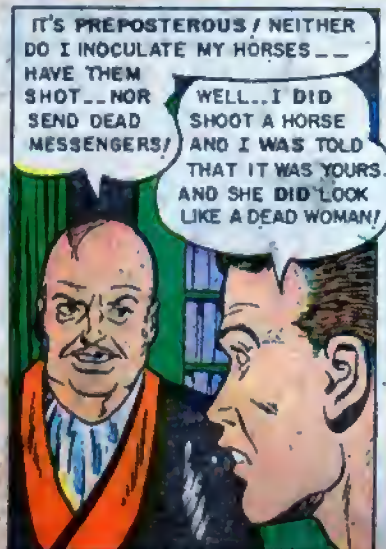


A CLEAN SHOT... THE POOR BEAST WILL FEEL NO PAIN. BUT WHO ARE YOU?

THERE... 'TIS DONE. NOW FOR YOUR PAY, HANS BRUGER!



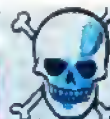
BAROOM!



SHE HAS BEEN SHOT
THROUGH THE HEAD!
STAY BACK KATHY!

LET ME TO HER!
THERE STILL MAY
BE A CHANCE!

HOW TERRIBLE!
I CAN'T
LOOK!



IT TOOK THE DOCTOR BUT A FEW
MINUTES TO DISCOVER THAT HIS
RECENT BRIDE WAS PAST ALL
HELP. THE THREE QUICKLY LEFT
THE ROOM, STUNNED. . .

BUT WHO... WHO
COULD HAVE DONE
SUCH A THING?

OH, DADDY,
I'M SO SORRY...
--FOR YOU!

YES...WHO? THERE'S A
MYSTERY HERE, ALRIGHT. FIRST
THE HORSE... THEN YOUR WIFE.
BOTH SHOT FROM THE LEFT
SIDE AND THROUGH THE
HEAD!

THE CHAIN / I WAS PAID
LAST NIGHT WITH THIS PIECE
OF ANTIQUE CHAIN. HERE,
LOOK AT IT!

YOU WERE PAID WITH IT LAST
NIGHT? IMPOSSIBLE! THAT IS MY
FIRST WIFE'S CHAIN-- SHE WAS
BURIED WITH THAT CHAIN
ABOUT HER NECK!!!

KATHY DIDN'T VENTURE OUT TO THE
GRAVE OF HER AVENGING MOTHER
UNTIL THREE DAYS HAD PASSED
AFTER ROSAMUND'S FUNERAL...

HOW MOTHER BROUGHT ABOUT ROSAMUND'S
TRANSFORMATION INTO THE MARE OR WHO
IT WAS THAT LED THE HORSE TO YOU
I'LL NEVER KNOW NOR
DO I WANT TO!

BUT IT DID
HAPPEN! THERE CAN
BE NO OTHER ANSWER!

THE CHAIN IS GONE FROM
YOUR MOTHER'S NECK, KATHY.
HERE'S PROOF THAT THIS
IS, OR WAS, YOUR
MOTHER'S!

POOR MOTHER,
RETURN IT TO HER SO
THAT SHE MAY WEAR
IT THROUGH ALL
ETERNITY... AND
WALK NO MORE!



The end --

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NONE OTHER
LIKE IT!

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NEW! No other girdle or supporter belt like it. NO OTHER GIRDLE CAN DO FOR YOU MORE THAN THE TRANZFORM. No other girdle or supporter belt offers you more bulge control. No other girdle compares with the miracle-working Bulgemaster* feature.

WHAT IS THE BULGE-MASTER FEATURE?

The Bulgemaster pads are special inset panels of sheet rubber, covered with cotton jersey. They absorb the excess perspiration from the balanced pressure against the muscles and fatty tissues of your stomach, waist, hips and thighs.

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- Make clothes fit



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4⁹⁸

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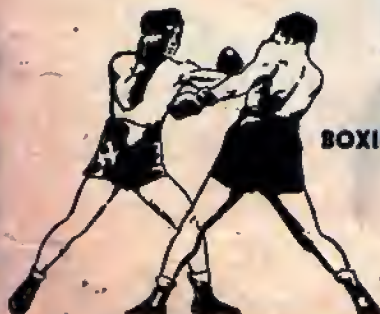
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As taught to
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Jacks, etc.

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OVERCOME ANY ENEMY — NO MATTER HOW BIG HE IS, OR HOW SMALL YOU ARE!

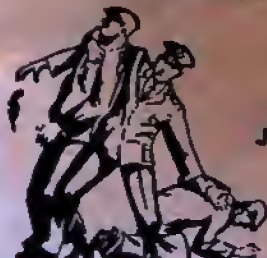
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